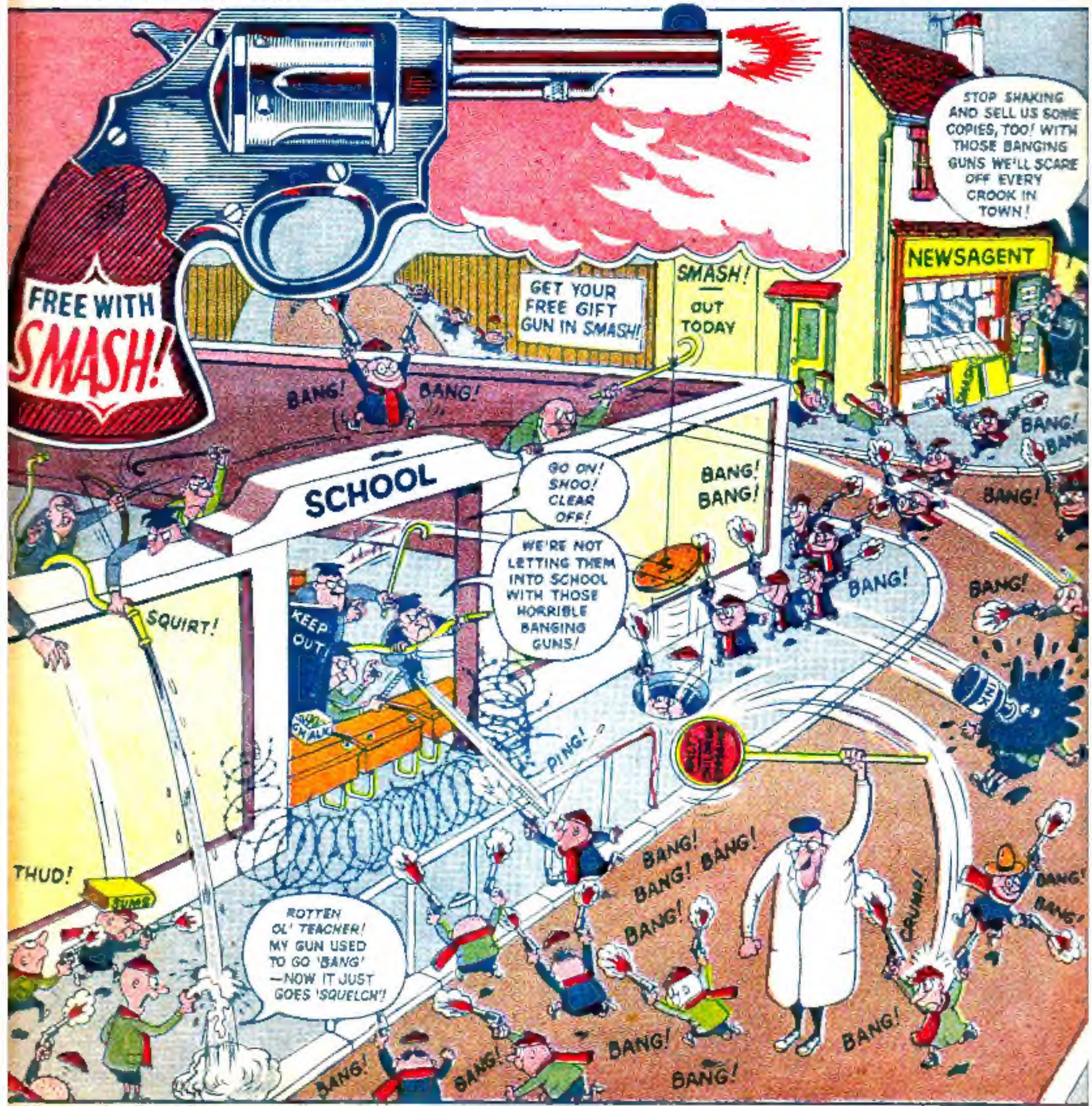
★ FREE INSIDE! THE GUN WITH THE BIG BANG! ★

SMASH!

7d

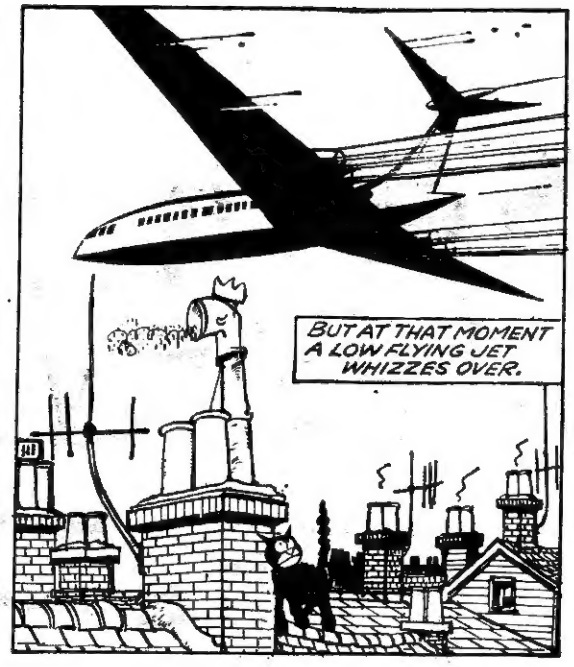
No.1
5th. FEB. 1966
EVERY THURSDAY



© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1966.

MEET THE BOY WHO CAN'T SPEND MONEY FAST ENOUGH!

RONNIE RICH



SPEND! SPEND! SPEND! THAT'S RONNIE RICH IN NEXT THE PAST!

★ ★ THE STRANGEST WAR ADVENTURE EVER TOLD! ★ ★

THE GHOST PATROL

It was summer, 1941, when the Nazi hordes were sweeping into Southern Europe . . . and in the Greek hills, a lone British infantry patrol lay trapped . . . its only heavy weapon was a battered old British tank, taken over after the crew were killed . . . less than a mile away was the sea, and a hidden landing craft that would take them all to safety. But the Germans held a vital Pass, dead ahead, so escape seemed impossible . . .

NEXT WEEK: THE PATROL SAILS STRAIGHT INTO THE PAST!

AMMO

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1966

THIS IS A SMASHIN' WATER PISTOL!
SQUIRT!
I'LL PRACTISE SHOOTIN' AT THOSE MILK BOTTLES!

I'LL DO SOME TRICK SHOOTIN'!
SPLOSH!
SQUIRT!
PENNY - STOP SQUIRTING WATER ON THE WINDOW — GLUB!

DON'T YOU DARE SQUIRT ANY MORE WATER OUT OF THAT PISTOL, PENNY!
OH, ER, ALL RIGHT, DAD!

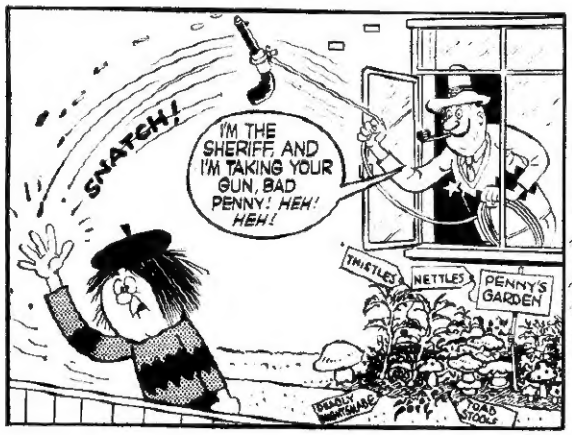
DAD DIDN'T SAY ANYTHIN' ABOUT NOT SQUIRTIN' MILK, DID HE?
ROTTER! THIEVIN' MY MILK!
PUSSY

HERE, READER — HAVE A DRINK OF MILK!

HAVE SOME MORE MILK IN YOUR TEA, MISTER SMITH?
SPLOOSH!

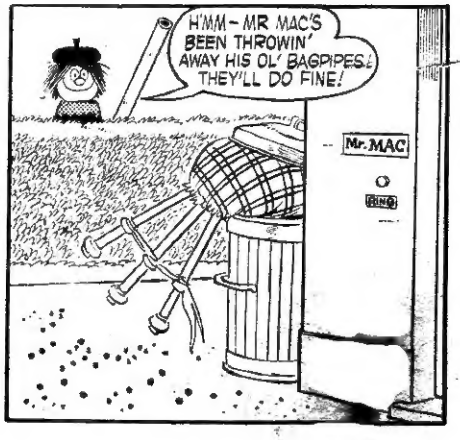
BAD PENNY! I'LL TAKE THAT!
SNATCH!

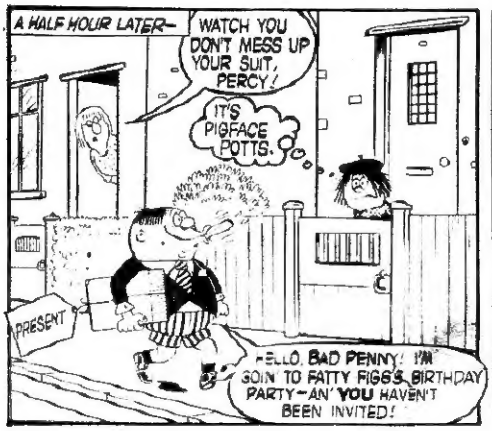
GOOD JOB I HAD ANOTHER WATER PISTOL! HEY, YOU! I'M BAD PENNY, THE BADDEST OUTLAW IN THE WEST — HAND OVER THOSE SWEETS OR I'LL SQUIRT YOU!
SWEETS
BAd PENNY LIVS HERE


SNATCH!
I'M THE SHERIFF, AND I'M TAKING YOUR GUN, BAD PENNY! HEH! HEH!
THISTLES
NETTLES
PENNY'S GARDEN
DEADLY NIGHTSHADE
TOAD STOOLS

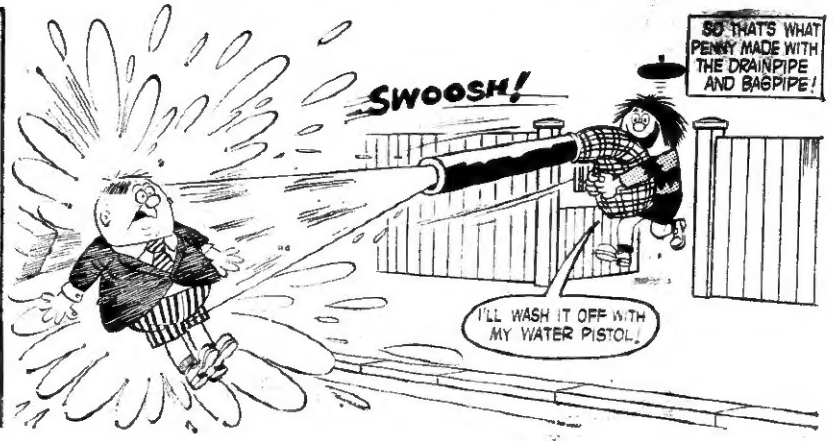
IDEA!

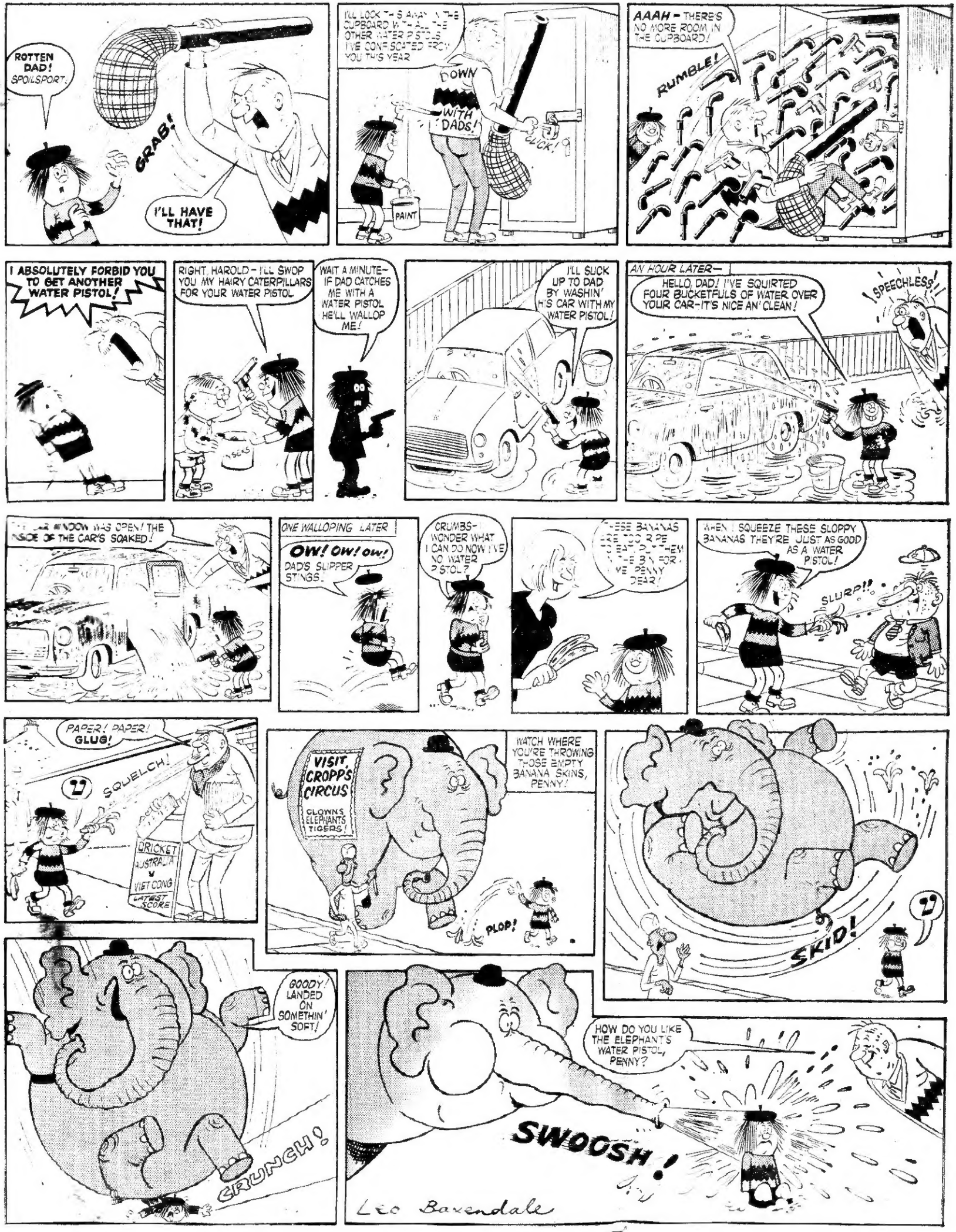
I'VE NO POCKET MONEY TO BUY A WATER PISTOL, SO I'LL MAKE ONE. THIS LOOSE CRACKED DRAINPIPE WILL DO! DAD WON'T MISS IT!
CRACK!


H'MM — MR MAC'S BEEN THROWIN' AWAY HIS OL' BAGPIPES! THEY'LL DO FINE!
Mr. MAC
BING


A HALF HOUR LATER—
WATCH YOU DON'T MESS UP YOUR SUIT, PERCY!
IT'S PIGFACE POTTS.
PRESENT
HELLO, BAD PENNY! I'M GOIN' TO FATTY FIGGS, BIRTHDAY PARTY — AN' YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED!

THERE'S A SPECK OF DUST ON YOUR BEST SUIT, PERCY!

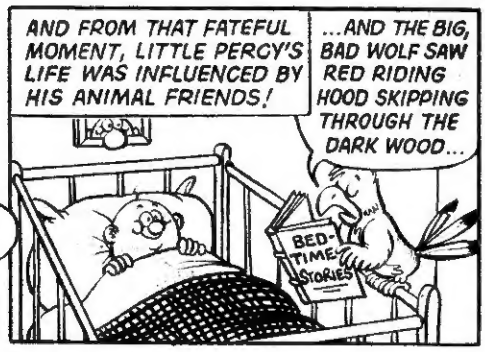

SWOOSH!
SO THAT'S WHAT PENNY MADE WITH THE DRAINPIPE AND BAGPIPE!
I'LL WASH IT OFF WITH MY WATER PISTOL!

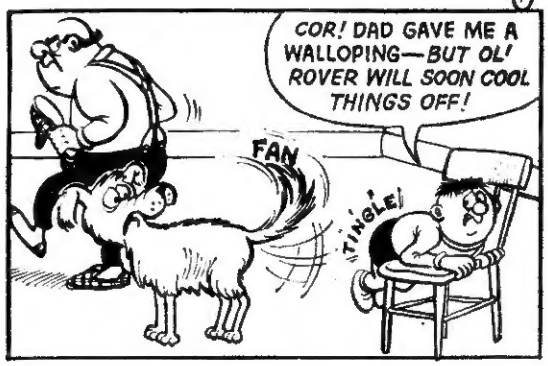

ROTTEN DAD! SPOILSPORT.
GRAB!
I'LL HAVE THAT!
I'LL LOCK THIS AWAY IN THE CUPBOARD WITH ALL THE OTHER WATER PISTOLS I'VE CONFISCATED FROM YOU THIS YEAR
DOWN WITH DADS!
CLICK!
PAINT
AAAH - THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN THE CUPBOARD!
RUMBLE!
I ABSOLUTELY FORBID YOU TO GET ANOTHER WATER PISTOL!
RIGHT, HAROLD - I'LL SWOP YOU MY HAIRY CATERPILLARS FOR YOUR WATER PISTOL
WAIT A MINUTE - IF DAD CATCHES ME WITH A WATER PISTOL HE'LL WALLOP ME!
I'LL SUCK UP TO DAD BY WASHIN' HIS CAR WITH MY WATER PISTOL!
AN HOUR LATER—
HELLO, DAD! I'VE SQUIRTED FOUR BUCKETFULS OF WATER OVER YOUR CAR - IT'S NICE AN' CLEAN!
SPEECHLESS!
THE REAR WINDOW WAS OPEN! THE INSIDE OF THE CAR'S SOAKED!
ONE WALLOPING LATER
OW! OW! OW! DAD'S SLIPPER STINGS.
CRUMBS - I WONDER WHAT I CAN DO NOW I'VE NO WATER PISTOL?
THESE BANANAS ARE TOO RIPE TO EAT, BUT THEY'LL BE FOR, I'VE PENNY DEAR!
WHEN I SQUEEZE THESE SLOPPY BANANAS THEY'RE JUST AS GOOD AS A WATER PISTOL!
SLURP!!
PAPER! PAPER! GLUG!
SQUELCH!
CRICKET AUSTRALIA v VIET CONG LATEST SCORE
VISIT CROPP'S CIRCUS GLOWNS ELEPHANTS TIGERS!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE THROWING THOSE EMPTY BANANA SKINS, PENNY!
PLOP!
SKID!
GOODY! LANDED ON SOMETHIN' SOFT!
CRUNCH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ELEPHANT'S WATER PISTOL, PENNY?
SWOOSH!
Leo Baxendale

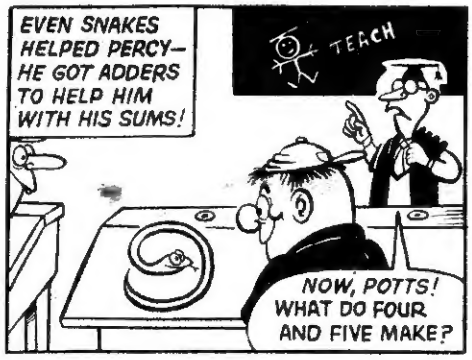
Percy's Pets

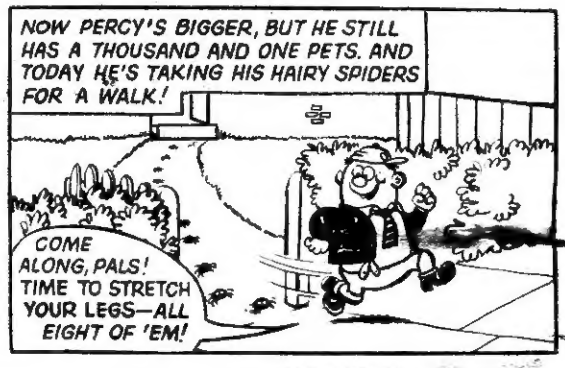
MOST OF US READERS, WHEN VERY YOUNG, HAD RATTLES TO PLAY WITH...

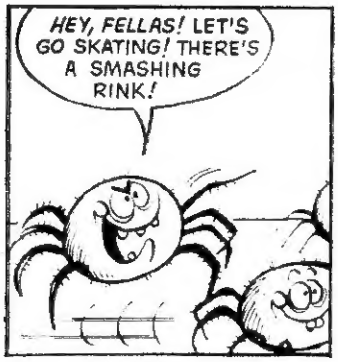
... BUT NOT LITTLE PERCY POTTS!
SURPRISE! SURPRISE!
ME GOT A SPIDER!

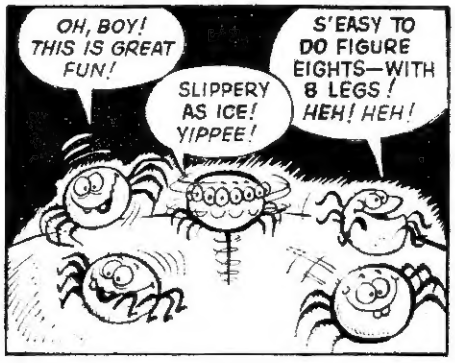

AND FROM THAT FATEFUL MOMENT, LITTLE PERCY'S LIFE WAS INFLUENCED BY HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS!
...AND THE BIG, BAD WOLF SAW RED RIDING HOOD SKIPPING THROUGH THE DARK WOOD...
BED-TIME STORIES

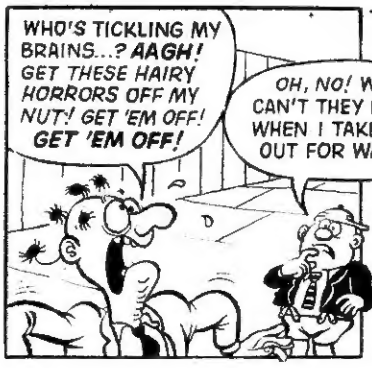

COR! DAD GAVE ME A WALLOPING—BUT OL' ROVER WILL SOON COOL THINGS OFF!
FAN
TINGLE


EVEN SNAKES HELPED PERCY—HE GOT ADDERS TO HELP HIM WITH HIS SUMS!
TEACH
NOW, POTTS! WHAT DO FOUR AND FIVE MAKE?

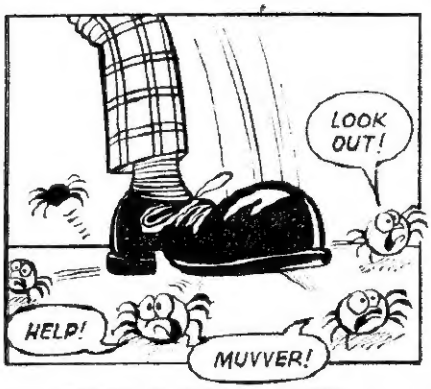

NOW PERCY'S BIGGER, BUT HE STILL HAS A THOUSAND AND ONE PETS. AND TODAY HE'S TAKING HIS HAIRY SPIDERS FOR A WALK!
COME ALONG, PALS! TIME TO STRETCH YOUR LEGS—ALL EIGHT OF 'EM!

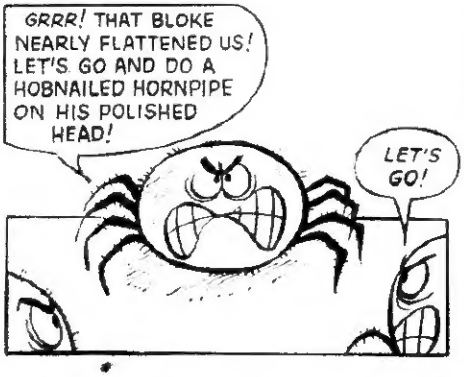

HEY, FELLAS! LET'S GO SKATING! THERE'S A SMASHING RINK!

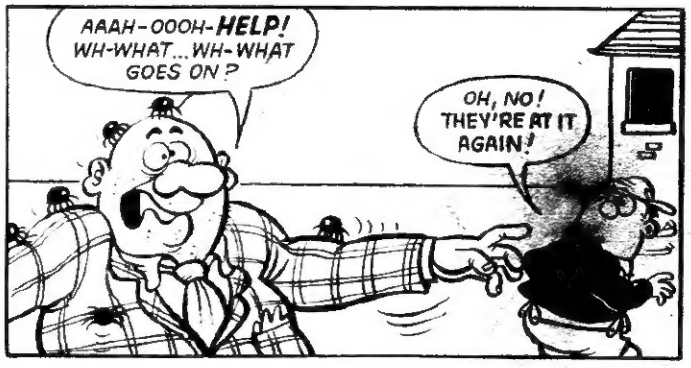

OH, BOY! THIS IS GREAT FUN!
SLIPPERY AS ICE! YIPPEE!
S'EASY TO DO FIGURE EIGHTS—WITH 8 LEGS! HEH! HEH!

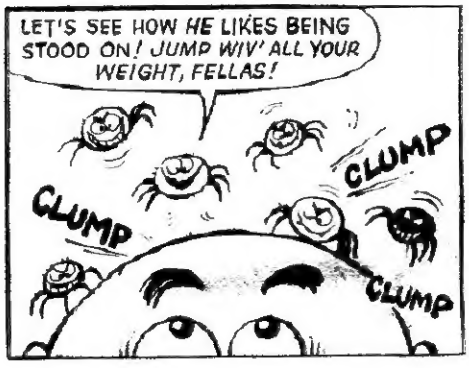

WHO'S TICKLING MY BRAINS...? AAGH! GET THESE HAIRY HORRORS OFF MY NUT! GET 'EM OFF! GET 'EM OFF!
OH, NO! WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE WHEN I TAKE THEM OUT FOR WALKS?

THAT WAS NAUGHTY! NOW NO MORE NONSENSE —OR ELSE!
BAH! HOW DO THEY KNOW MY NAME IS MR WEBB?


LOOK OUT!
HELP!
MUVVER!


GRRR! THAT BLOKE NEARLY FLATTENED US! LET'S GO AND DO A HOBNAILED HORNPIPE ON HIS POLISHED HEAD!
LET'S GO!

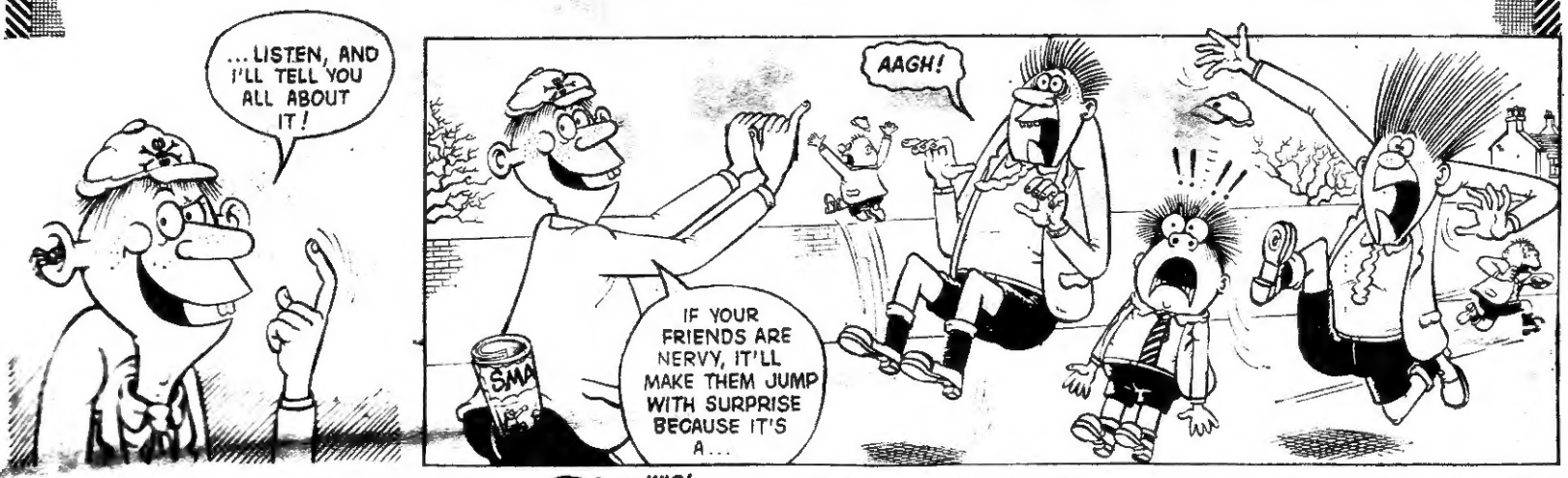

AAAH-OOOH-HELP! WH-WHAT...WH-WHAT GOES ON?
OH, NO! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!


LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES BEING STOOD ON! JUMP WIV' ALL YOUR WEIGHT, FELLAS!
CLUMP
CLUMP
CLUMP

FLIPPING FLATFEET! IT'S CURLY CARRUTHERS —THE BURGLAR!

GRRR! I SHAVED OFF ME CURLS SO THAT I WOULDN'T BE RECOGNISED—AND THOSE ROTTEN, HAIRY SPIDERS SPOILED IT ALL!
A FIVER REWARD! HO-HO! WELL DONE, LADS! THERE'LL BE A SLAP-UP FEED FOR YOU TONIGHT!

IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! THERE WILL BE A WONDERFUL, SURPRISE **FREE GIFT** FOR YOU...



... SUPER JUMPING FROG!

He's a pet everyone will want — and he's *FREE* in NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

SPACE Jinx

HE'S THE REASON WHY PEOPLE IN OUTER SPACE WANT TO COME IN!

TAKE HIM WITH YOU—AND DON'T BRING HIM BACK!

LAUNCHED US!

WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAVE TO BE ME?

DUCK!
LOOK OUT!

CREW KITCHEN

WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE CUPPA TEA

AAAGH!

IDIOT! THIS IS AN ANTI-GRAVITY ZONE!
OH, DEAR—I'D BETTER HIDE, I THINK!

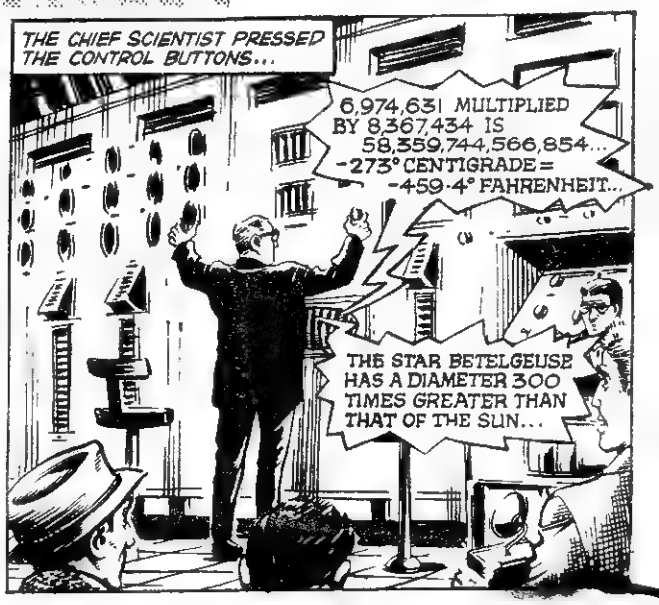
HELP! IT'S NOT A CUPBOARD!

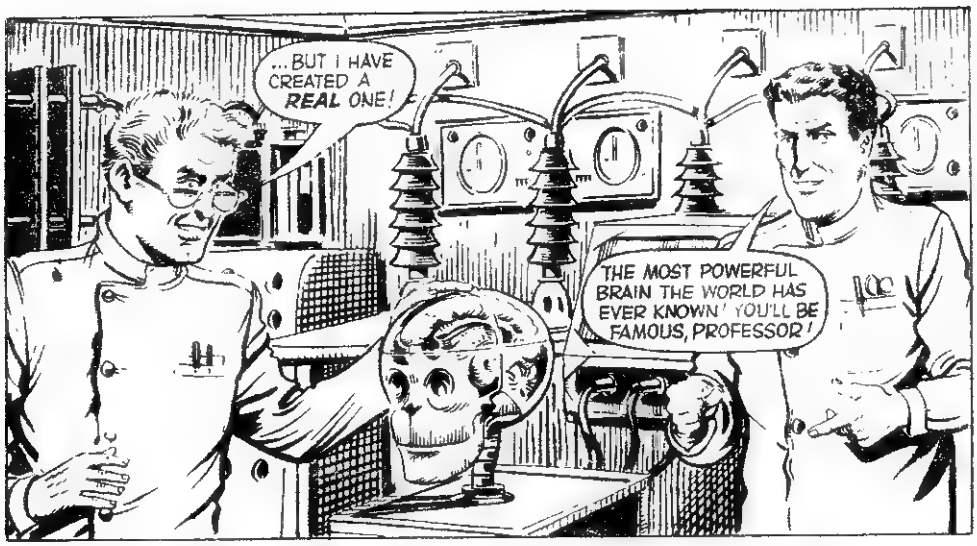
HELP! HELP! LET ME BACK IN!

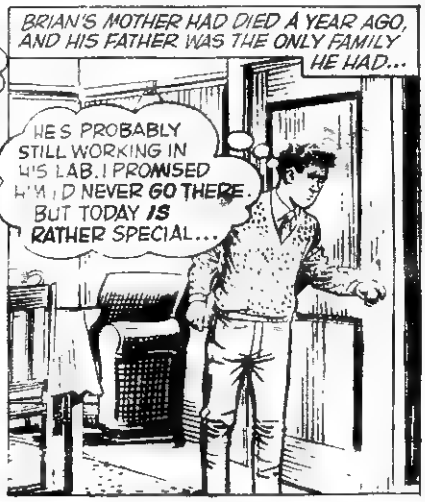
WOW! HE'S DECIDED NOT TO COME WITH US AFTER ALL!
THANK GOODNESS WE'VE GOT RID OF HIM!
BUT IT'S THE HARDEST THING IN THE WORLD (AND OUTER-SPACE) TO GET RID OF THE JINX—AS EVERYONE WILL FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

THE ROBOT MASTER BRAIN! A SUPER-INTELLIGENT SLAVE TO SOLVE MAN'S PROBLEMS FOR HIM! THIS WAS THE DREAM THAT SCIENTISTS THE WORLD OVER WERE SEEKING TO REALISE... AND SOME THOUGHT THEY HAD SUCCEEDED...



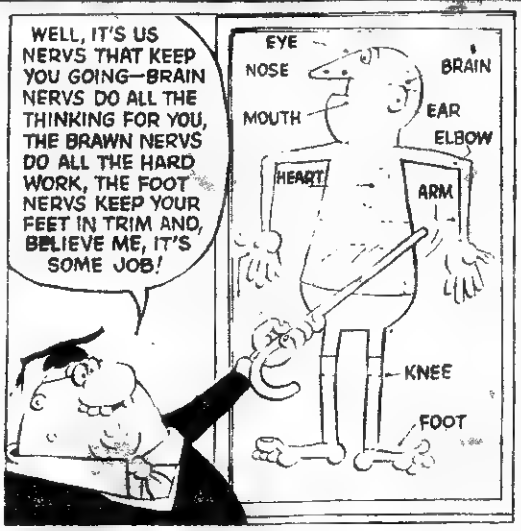


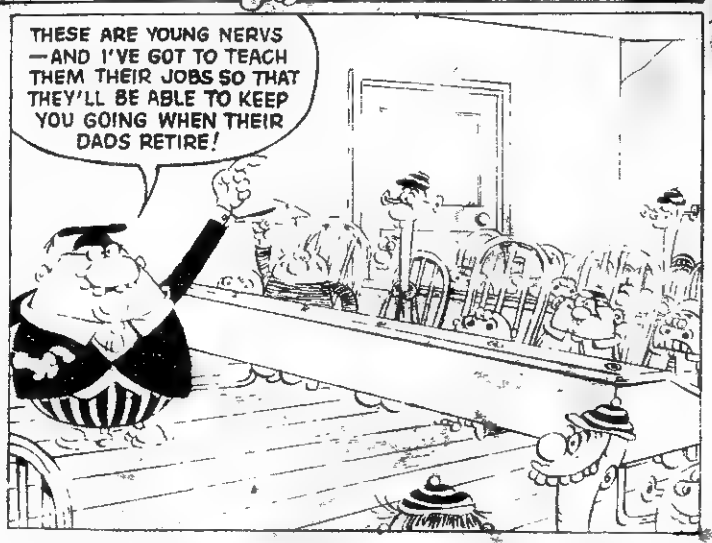


CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE NERVS

NO DOUBT ALL OF YOU HAVE HAD CAUSE TO WONDER JUST WHAT KEEPS YOU GOING AND WHAT MAKES US DO ALL THE THINGS WE DO AND SO ON AND SO FIFTH-ER-SO FORTH!

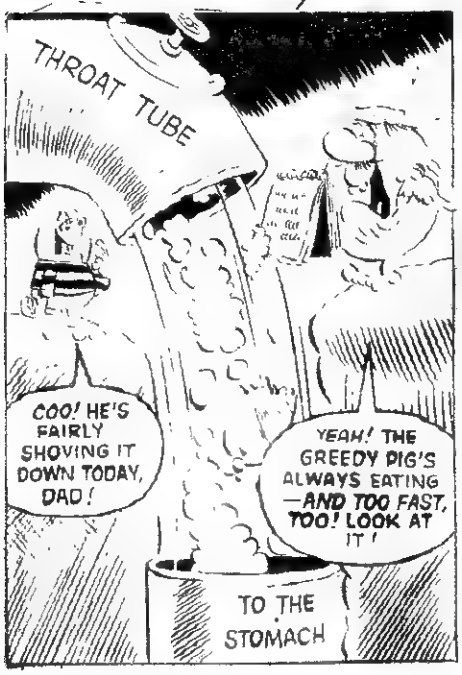

WELL, IT'S US NERVS THAT KEEP YOU GOING—BRAIN NERVS DO ALL THE THINKING FOR YOU, THE BRAWN NERVS DO ALL THE HARD WORK, THE FOOT NERVS KEEP YOUR FEET IN TRIM AND, BELIEVE ME, IT'S SOME JOB!
EYE
NOSE
BRAIN
MOUTH
EAR
ELBOW
HEART
ARM
KNEE
FOOT

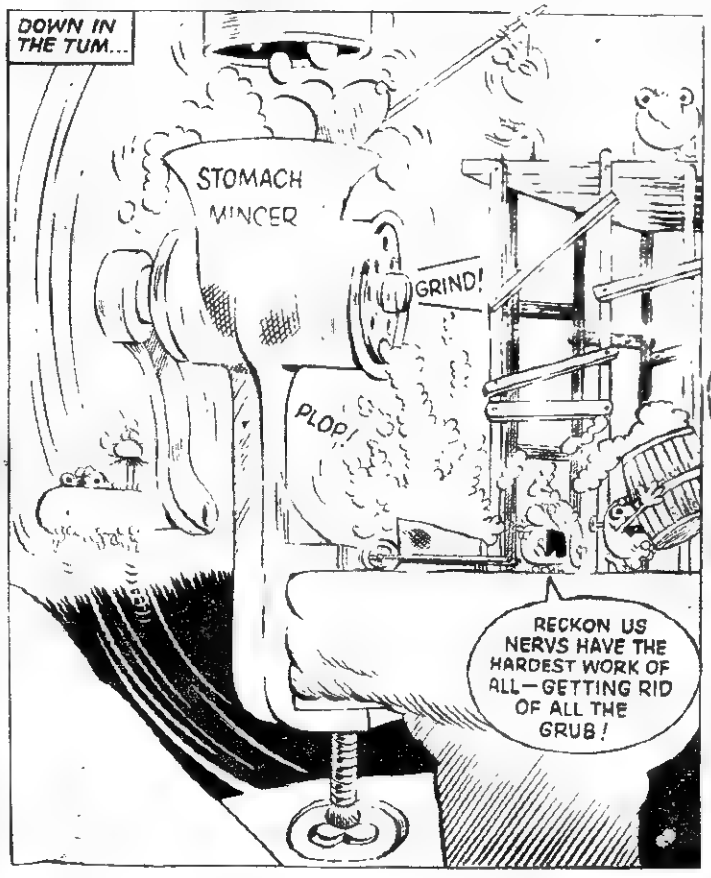

THESE ARE YOUNG NERVS —AND I'VE GOT TO TEACH THEM THEIR JOBS SO THAT THEY'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP YOU GOING WHEN THEIR DADS RETIRE!

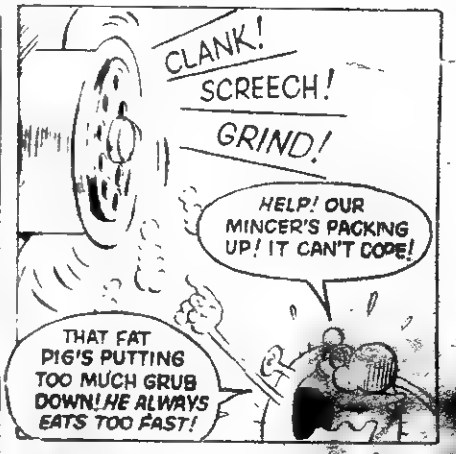
AND HERE'S ONE FELLOW THE NERVS HAVE GOT TO LOOK AFTER! POOR LITTLE NERVS—HE'S FAT, LAZY—AND AS FIT AS A FIDDLE WITH NO STRINGS!

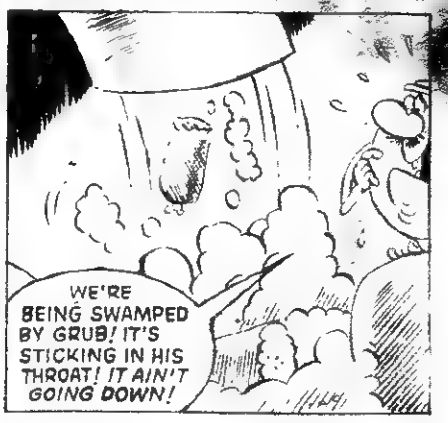
AND GREEDY—VERY, VERY GREEDY!
SLURP!
MUNCH!
GOBBLE!

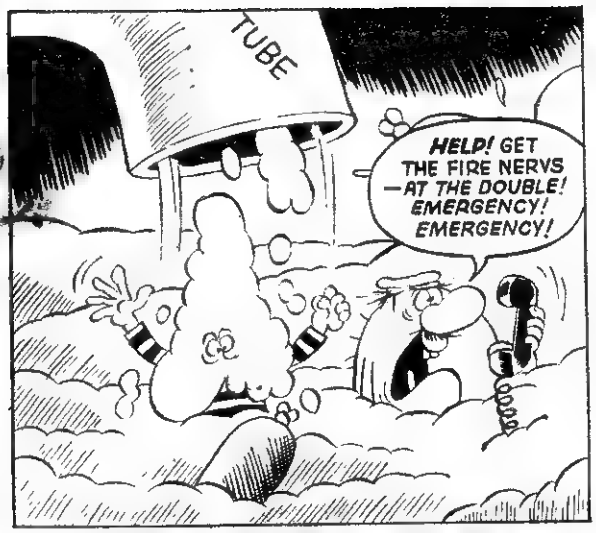
CLASSROOM
I'M GOING TO WATCH MY DAD AT WORK—HE'S ON THROAT DUTY TODAY!

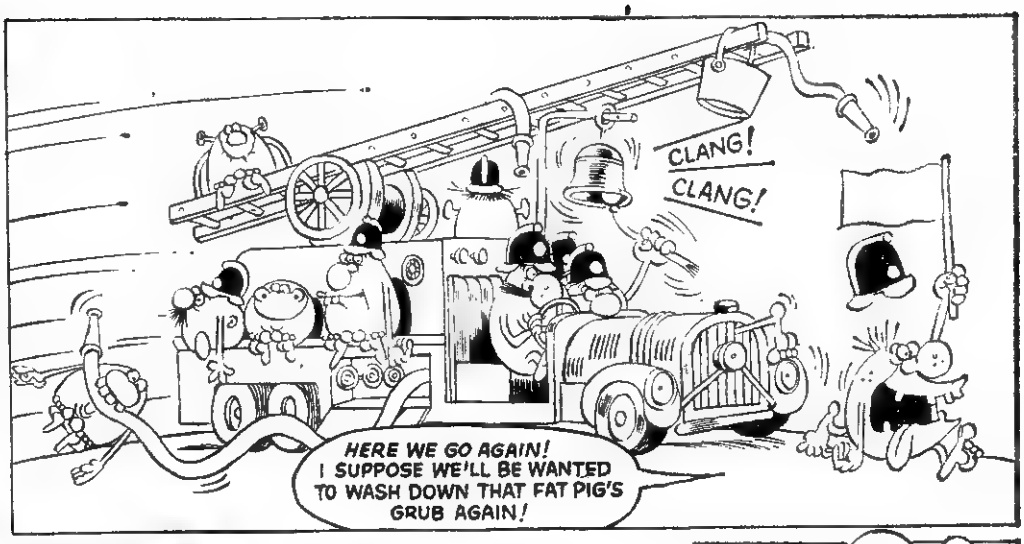

THROAT TUBE
COO! HE'S FAIRLY SHOVING IT DOWN TODAY, DAD!
YEAH! THE GREEDY PIG'S ALWAYS EATING —AND TOO FAST, TOO! LOOK AT IT!
TO THE STOMACH

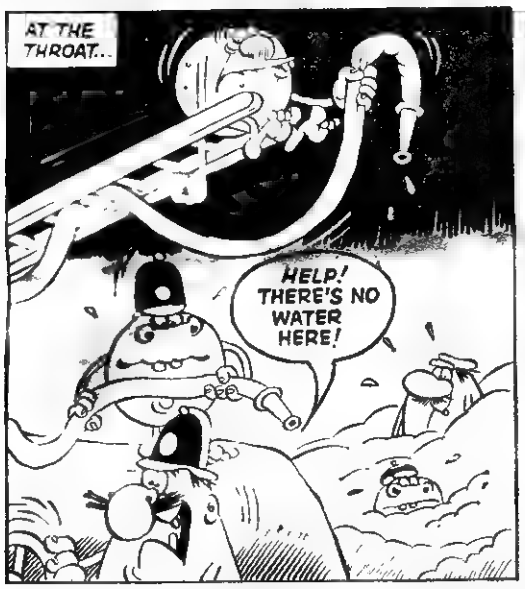

DOWN IN THE TUM...
STOMACH MINCER
GRIND!
PLOP!
RECKON US NERVS HAVE THE HARDEST WORK OF ALL—GETTING RID OF ALL THE GRUB!


CLANK!
SCREECH!
GRIND!
HELP! OUR MINCER'S PACKING UP! IT CAN'T COPE!
THAT FAT PIG'S PUTTING TOO MUCH GRUB DOWN! HE ALWAYS EATS TOO FAST!


WE'RE BEING SWAMPED BY GRUB! IT'S STICKING IN HIS THROAT! IT AIN'T GOING DOWN!


TUBE
HELP! GET THE FIRE NERVS —AT THE DOUBLE! EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!


CLANG! CLANG!
HERE WE GO AGAIN! I SUPPOSE WE'LL BE WANTED TO WASH DOWN THAT FAT PIG'S GRUB AGAIN!

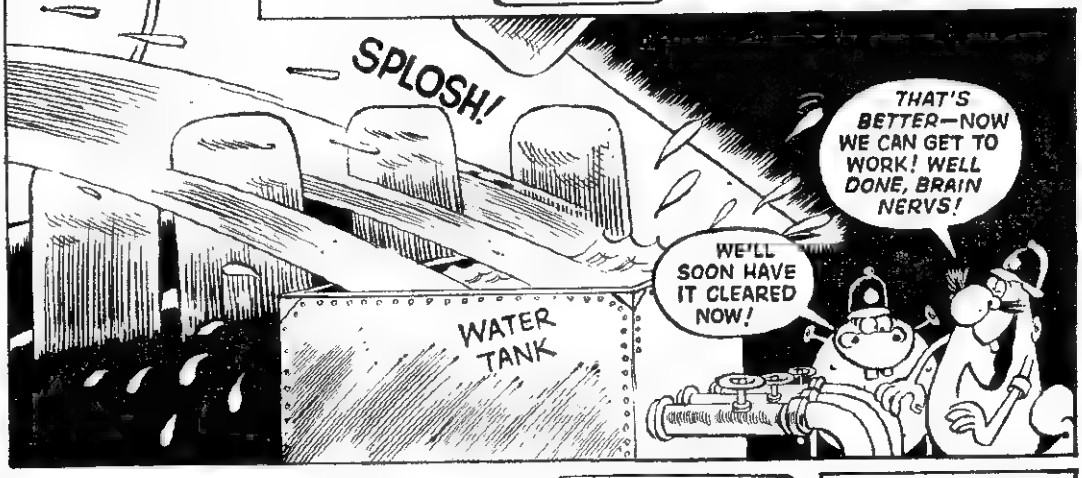

AT THE THROAT...
HELP! THERE'S NO WATER HERE!

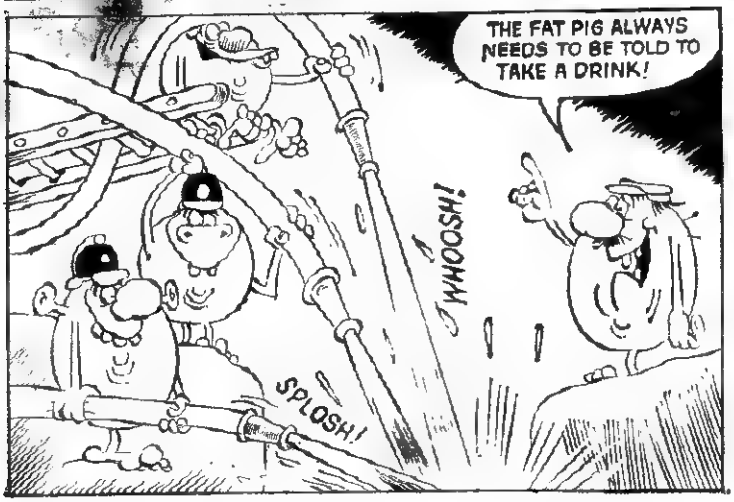
HURRY! HURRY! GET THE BRAIN NERVS TO GET A MESSAGE OUT— PRONTO!

BRAIN COMMUNI-CATION CENTRE
ONE MESSAGE COMING UP!

TAKE A DRINK —QUICK!

GOSH! SUDDENLY, I FEEL THIRSTY!
SLURP!
GLUG-GLUG!


SPLOSH!
WATER TANK
WE'LL SOON HAVE IT CLEARED NOW!
THAT'S BETTER—NOW WE CAN GET TO WORK! WELL DONE, BRAIN NERVS!


THE FAT PIG ALWAYS NEEDS TO BE TOLD TO TAKE A DRINK!
WHOOSH!
SPLOSH!

FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW! THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BRING UP ALL THAT GRUB FOR A MINUTE!

AND IT'S NO THANKS TO HIM THAT HE DIDN'T —I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'D DO WITHOUT US NERVS!

QUEEN OF THE

STATELY SHIP AWAITING TIDE, LET ME IN THY BOSOM RIDE.

SO WROTE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BUT HAD CHRIS SEEN THIS LEAKY HEAP AT SLUDGEWATER-ON-SEA, HE'D A-TURNED HIS BACK ON THE BRINY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE. AND **TODAY'S** MAP O'-THE-WORLD WOULD SHOW NOTHING BUT ATLANTIC OCEAN, WHERE AMERICA OUGHT TO BE!

THE 'HEAP'—ALIAS THE '**BUOYANT QUEEN**'—IS OWNED BY CAPTAIN ENOCH DRIP, WHO, WITH HIS ONE-MAN-CREW, BERTRAM BLOOP, RUNS HER AS A 'SHIP-OF-ALL-TRADES'...

HOI! CAP'N DRIP! STOP CLATTERIN' THEM PERISHIN' COCKLES WHILE I'M STUDYIN' THE 'WORK AVAILABLE' COLUMN!

SORRY, OL' BOY, BUT WE HAVE TO EAT. ANYWAY, WHO'S THE SKIPPER AROUND HERE?

PLOP! SPLUT! CLATTER!

MARITIME MONTHLY

COCOA

BAH! BOILED BLINKIN' COCKLES FER BREAKFAST, DINNER AN' TEA—AN' WE AIN'T EVEN GOT ANY VINEGAR TO GO WIV' 'EM!

A-HEM! I THINK THIS ONE IS DONE. ER—'AVE YOU BREWED THE COCOA, OL' BEAN?

STREWF! COCOA!

PROP!

ONE MORE MOUTHFUL O' COCKLES AN' COCOA, AN' I'LL GO RIGHT RAH'ND THE PERISHIN' BEND, MATE! 'ELLO! 'ARK AT **THIS!**

"PROFESSOR 'ERMAN, VON-SCHNOOGLE, RENOWNED HARKYHOLOGIST HAS PROOF THAT A SUNKEN SPANISH TREASURE-SHIP LIES OFF CAPE CLAM. 'E IS ORGANIZIN' A HEXPIDITION TER SALVAGE THE SPANISH DOUBLOONS BELIEVED TER BE STILL ABOARD!"

COR!

POYNNG!

WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! YOU'RE THE PERISHIN' CAPTIN, AINT' CHA? GET AFT, AN' START STOKIN'! WE'VE GOTTA GET TER THEM SPANISH SPONDULICKS BEFORE HE DOES!

ERK!

AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS LOW OVER SLUDGEWATER-ON-SEA, THE 'BUOYANT QUEEN', NOSES HER WAY FROM THE OLD JETTY, AND STARTS HER 450 MILE VOYAGE TO CAPE CLAM — AT 1½ KNOTS-PER-HOUR...

'EAP MORE NUTTY-SLACK ON, YER FAT 'EAD, WE'RE LOSIN' SPEED A-PACE!

AYE AYE **MASTER MATE!**

3 MONTHS LATER — OFF CAPE CLAM...

OKAY, CAPTIN' DRIP! YOU CAN KNOCK-OFF STOKIN' NOW—WE'VE MADE IT!

AND WASTING NO MORE TIME...

NOW YOU KNOW THE DRILL, CAPTIN DRIP! WHEN I'VE FOUND THE WRECK DOWN THERE, **YOU** FIX THIS LENGTH OF TUBING TO THE CYLINDER OF 'ELIUM GAS THEN YOU LOWER THE OTHER END DOWN TO ME, ALONG WIV' THIS BUNCH OF BALLOONS!

AND WHAT THEN?

I TIES THE BALLOONS TO THE CHEST O' DOUBLOONS, THEN INFLATES 'EM WIV' 'ELIUM. HEH-HEH! AN UP THEY RISES TER THE SURFACE, CARRYIN' THE TREASURE WIV' 'EM. HA-HA-HAR! WE'LL BE MADE FOR LIFE, MATE!

— LET'S GET ON WIV' IT! CONNECT ME TO THE AIR-CYLINDER, AND AS SOON AS YOU SEE ME GO DOWN, TURN THE COCK ON!

AH! ONCE AGAIN TO BE GOIN' FIFTY FATHOMS DOWN, INTO A GREEN MURMURIN' WORLD O' SOFT, WAVERIN' SHADOWS. (SIGH!)

PLACID, CONTENT!

AN' NAH! GREEN MURMURIN' DEPTHS—

SLUSH-SLOSH-GURGLE-SLAP

—'ERE I COME—

1-LA, MARE,—

—TRA-LA-LAH-LA-LA-'L'

AGH-H!

'ERE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SEAS

5 SECONDS LATER — 50 FATHOMS ABOVE SEA-LEVEL...

WHOO O-O! PHOOF!

'ELP! WHAT'S 'APPENED?

ME FEET AIN'T EVEN WET!

PHOO-O!

PT'SS-S

HISS-S-S!

S-S-S-S!

TECHNICAL NOTE: THERE'S ALWAYS A TELEPHONE CONNECTING A DIVER WITH THE DECK.

BAH! THIS IS WHAT COMES OF EMPLOYIN' A TWADDLE-BRAINED NON-EXPERIENCED TWIT! WHERE'S THAT PERISHIN' PHONE?

—A'HEM! 'ELLO! I WANT TO SPEAK TO MISTER B. BLOOP— FIRST MATE O' THE— !! WASSAT? HO! SO THAT IS BLOOP, IS IT?

CAPTAIN

—I MAY BE HIGGERANT IN THESE MATTERS, MISTER MATE, BUT WHY, MIGHT I ARSK, HAVE YOU SUDDENLY DECIDED TO GO LARKIN' ABAHT 50 FATHOMS UP, INSTEAD O' FIFTY FATHOMS DAHN—? 'ERK!

GRAH-H-H! GNASH! (SNAP!) NATURALLY I'VE GORN UP, YOU COCK-EYED, STEAMIN' NIT!

—YER'VE IN ELATED ME DIVIN-SUIT WIV HELIUM!

W-WHAT? OO—'ECKY! HE SHOULD 'AVE BEEN FIXED TO THE OXYGEN CYLINDER!

HELIUM

N-NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BERT —A-AN' DON'T LOSE YOUR 'EAD! (GULP) I'LL BE WIV' YOU IN TWO TICKS!

25 AERIAL-FATHOMS— 222 TICK'S LATER...

GASP! PUFF! HIC! BURP! 'ANG ON (WHEEZE) I AM 'ARF-WAY UP ALREADY! (GLURK!)

POYNG!

TWANG!

BUT, AT LAST...

HAW—HAW! HERE WE ARE! FEAR NOT, NO MORE, MY FRIEND IN HARF-A-JIFF, I'LL 'AVE YOU FLOATIN' GENTLY DOWN, BACK TO THE JOLLY OLD BUOYANT QUEEN'—

—ONE LICKLE TWIST OF THE AIR-RELEASE VALVE ON YOUR ELMET, AND—

SNARL

WHOO-OO!

AAGH! E'S WRENCHED IT RIGHT ORF!

READERS! YOU ARE NOW PRIVILEGED TO BE WITNESSING THE WORLD'S FIRST, 'AERO-AQUATIC' CRASH-DIVE...

PT'S-S-S

AGH-H-H

SWIFTLY LEAVING SOUND BEHIND— (WHICH IS WHY YOU CAN NO LONGER HEAR THEIR DIABOLICAL HOWLS OF TERROR)— BERT AND ENOCH WHOOSH BACK TO THEIR SHIP...

WHOOF!

DEAD SILENCE!

—WHEE EE E E

CRASH!

BLOOP!

...AND CONTINUE THEIR HECTIC PLUNGE, RIGHT THROUGH THE WORM-EATEN DECK, AND HULL, AND ONWARD INTO THE DEEP...

GLARGLE

...IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY THE 'BUOYANT QUEEN'...

SLEWSH!

PHEEE

17 SECONDS LATER — DAH'N IN THE MURMURIN' DEPTHS...

WOT 'APPENED? AGH! DRIP! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOIN' DAH'N 'ERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ABOARD THE 'BUOYANT QUEEN' SEEIN' TO ME OXYGEN-SUPPLY!

LOOK! HAH-HAH! (GLURK!) OVER THERE!

—IT'S IT! HA-HA-HAW-HAW! IT'S THE SPANISH TREASURE SHIP! (GLURK!)(GLUG!) WE'RE RICH, MATE! HAH HAH! ROTTEN WIV' IT! GOLD, GOLD! (HIC!) YA-HOO-OO!

—YA—!?—AGH-H-H! IT'S THE 'BUOYANT QUEEN'! IT'S 'ER! IT'S ME OWN SHIP!

BUOYANT QUEEN

WOT?

GLARG!

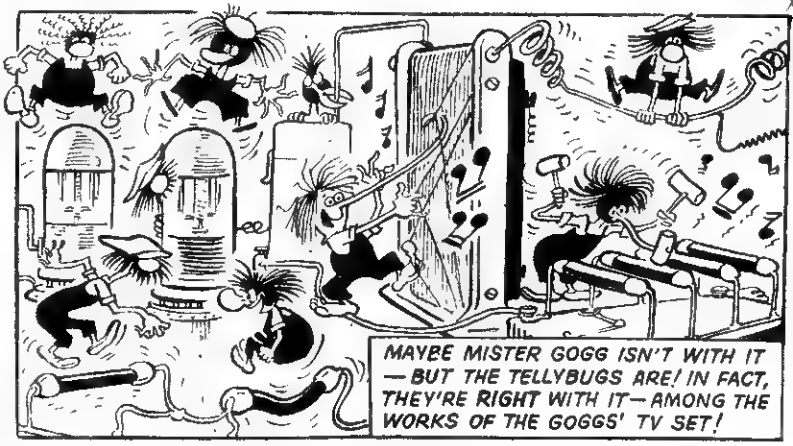
THEN EVERYTHING'S ON THE BLITHERIN' BOTTOM! AN' 'ERE'S ME INHALIN' HELIUM! (GASP!—GURGLE!) WELL, DON'T JUST KNEEL THERE GLUGGIN', DRIP! DO SOMETHING!

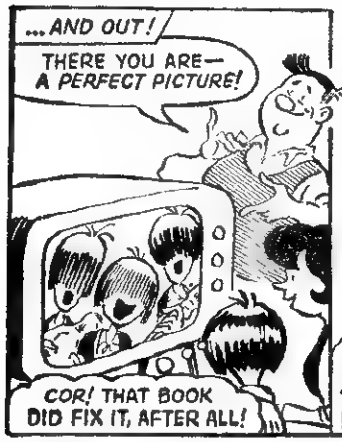
GLARG!

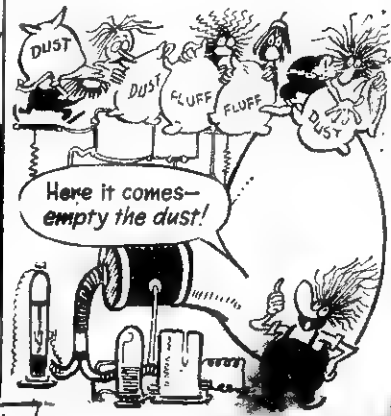
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO— PRAY MATE, PRAY!

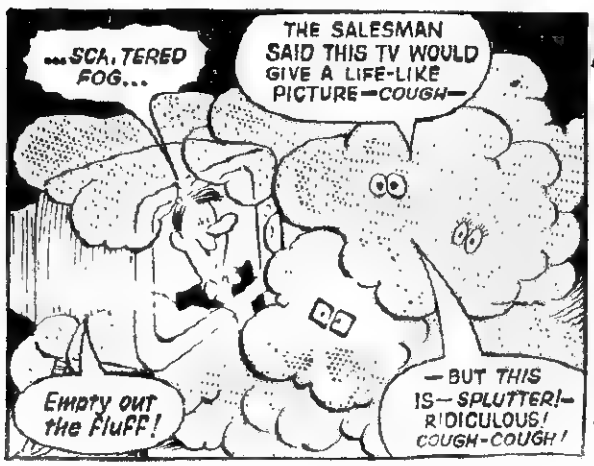
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TELLYBUGS









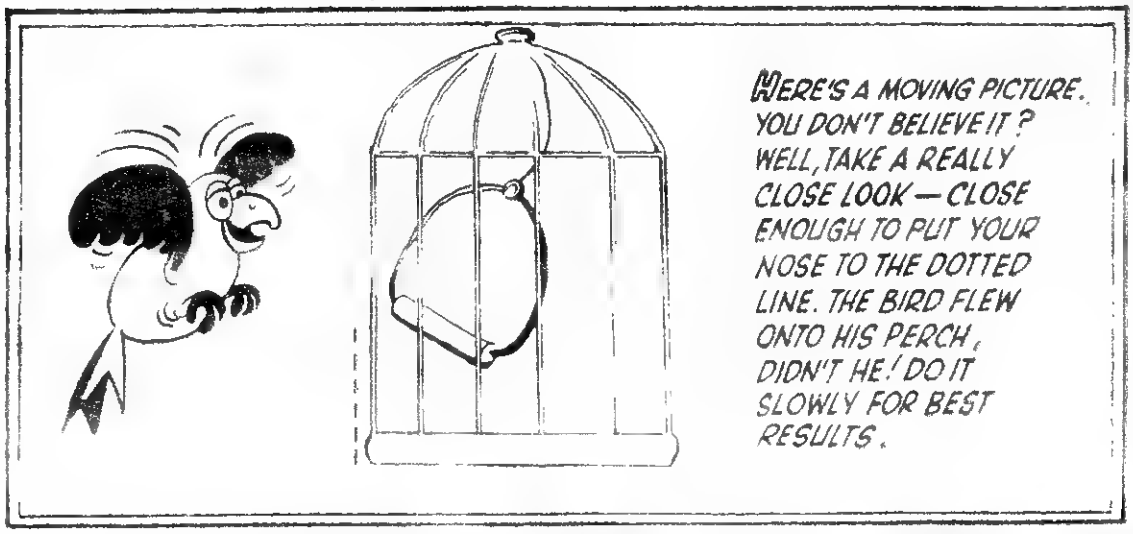
MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

BLACK MAGIC

start with some magic to raise e's eyebrows
f your mates to write down aper a simple question swer is a plain 'Yes' e question aloud—
Roll up your sleeve and rub the ashes on your arm. Your mates will fall over backwards when the answer appears black letters.
t happen?
Don't tell them, but you simply wrote the word 'Yes' on one arm and 'No' on the other with a bar of white soap



'CHUMP' IS A PECULIAR WORD TO ME —

chump

TURN IT UPSIDE-DOWN — AND YOU WILL SEE!

OZ — OZ

Strange new word? Language from a far-away land? Have a good look at the word above and you'll find an eye-watering vegetable. Give up? Then turn the page to the right and look again!

Match-trick ....

Did you know that matches are very much like some humans when it comes to soap and sweets? Everyone will get a big laugh when you show them how. Here's the trick...

Put a number of matches in a shallow dish filled with water — a soup plate will do — with all their heads pointing to the middle.

Now tell everyone that matches do not like soap. Show them, by putting a piece of soft soap into the centre of the dish. The matches will scurry away.

Then, explaining that matches like sweet things, put a lump of sugar into the water. The matches will rush head-first towards it.

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

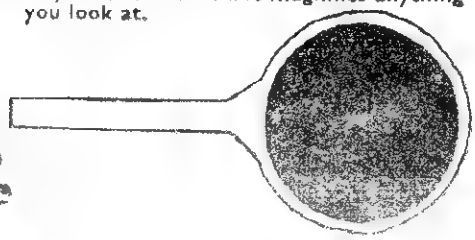
64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

A.... OF SCISSORS IS NO USE IF YOU WANT TO.... AN APPLE OR A ....
THE THREE MISSING 4-LETTER WORDS ARE PRONOUNCED THE SAME BUT ARE SPELT DIFFERENTLY. WHAT ARE THEY?

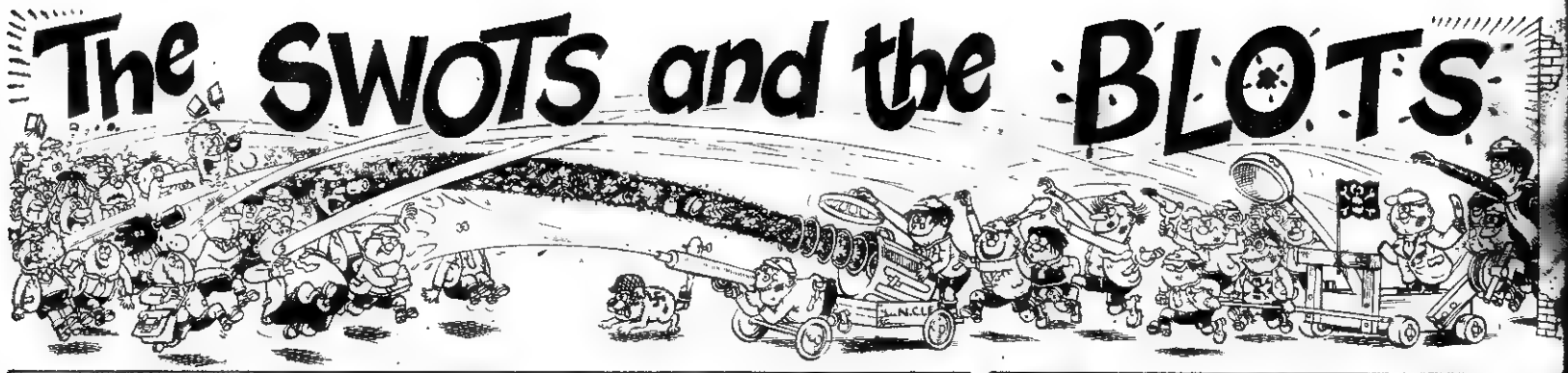
ANSWER: PAIR – PARE – PEAR

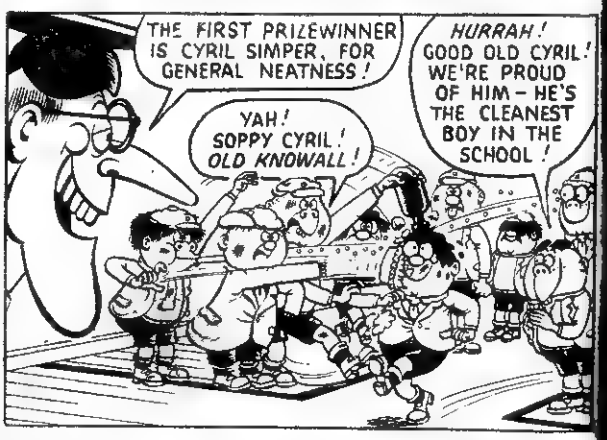
MAKE A MICROSCOPE

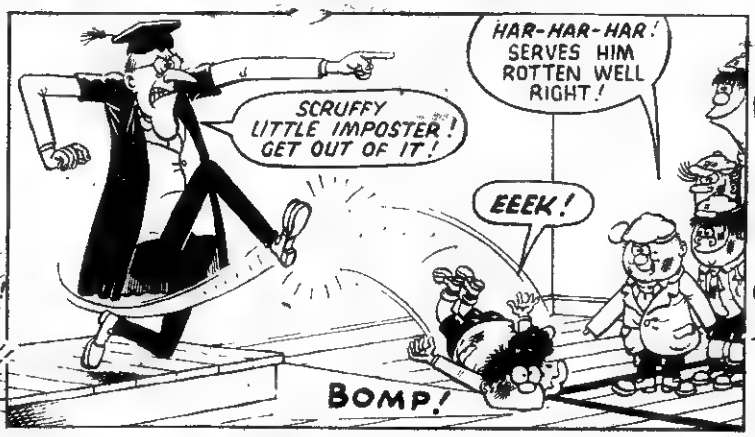
Here's a way to make yourself a simple but effective microscope. Cut a piece of cardboard to the shape shown and draw a circle about the size of a penny on the large, round end. Paint this circle black with Indian ink, and then make a pin-hole in the centre of it. Hold this up to one eye, close the other eye and peep through the tiny hole. You'll find it magnifies anything you look at.

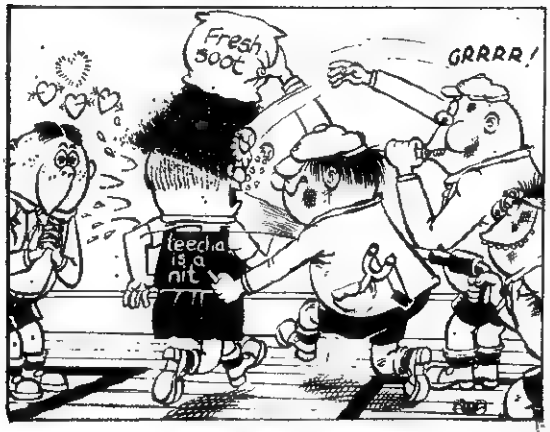


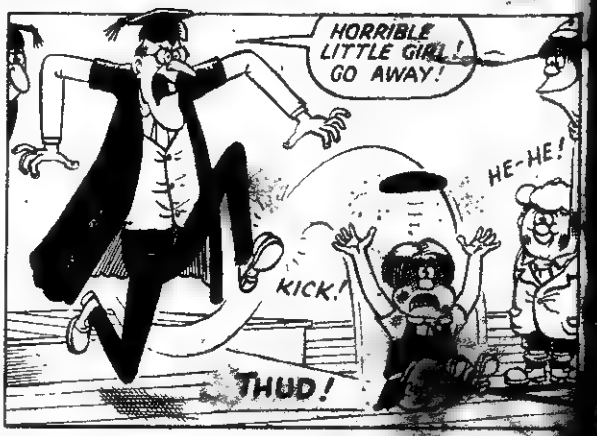
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

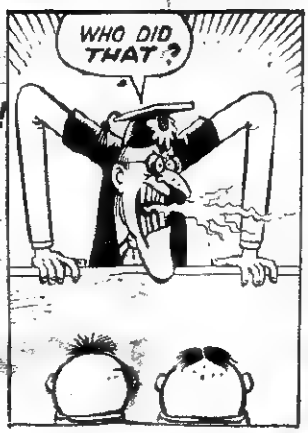


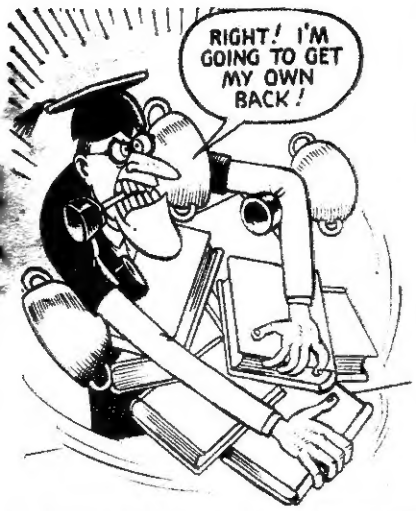




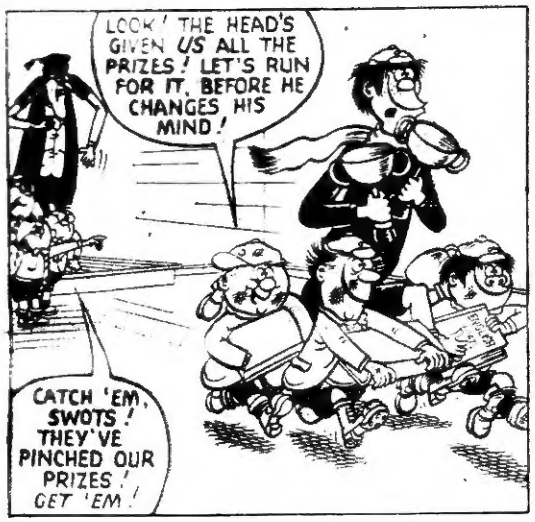


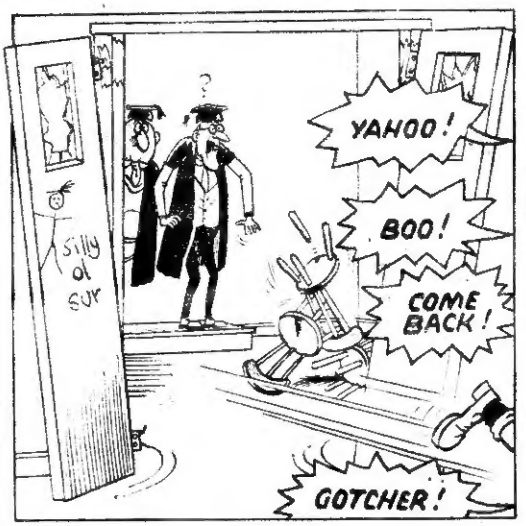


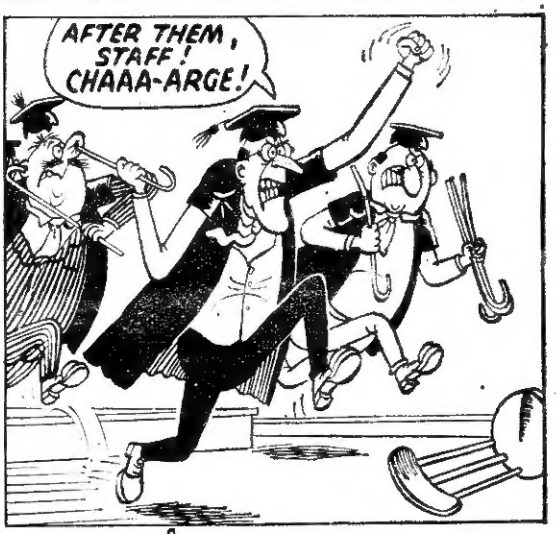


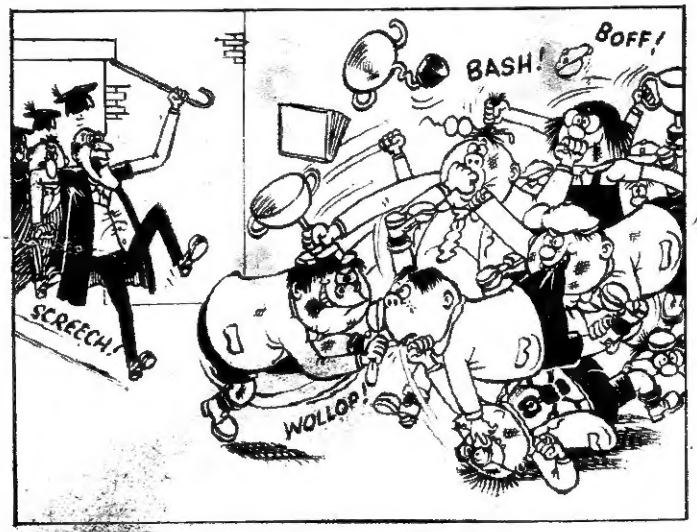

RIGHT! I'M GOING TO GET MY OWN BACK!

TAKE THAT - AN' THAT - AN' THAT!
EEK!
TEE-HEE-HEE! OH, JOLLY GOOD SHOT, SIR!
GLUP!
CLUNK!
OUCH!
BOING!
BOMP!
OW!
STAGGER!
BRAVO, SIR!

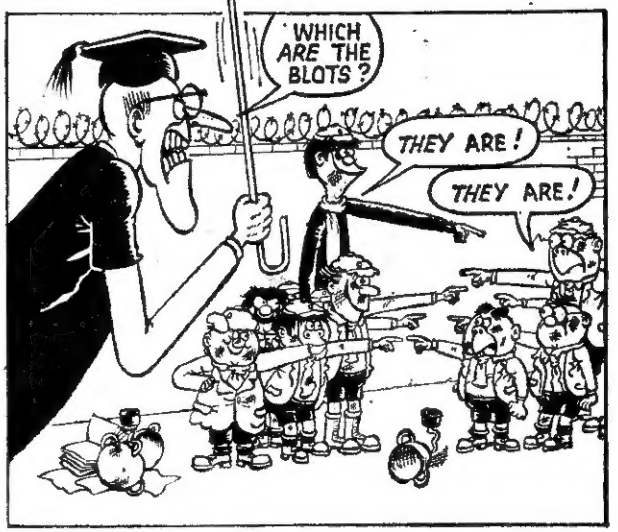

LOOK! THE HEAD'S GIVEN US ALL THE PRIZES! LET'S RUN FOR IT, BEFORE HE CHANGES HIS MIND!
CATCH 'EM, SWOTS! THEY'VE PINCHED OUR PRIZES! GET 'EM!


YAHOO!
BOO!
COME BACK!
GOTCHER!


AFTER THEM, STAFF! CHAAA-ARGE!


BOFF!
BASH!
SCREECH!
WOLLOP!

STOP THIS FIGHTING AT ONCE! I'M GOING TO THRASH ALL THE BLOTS!

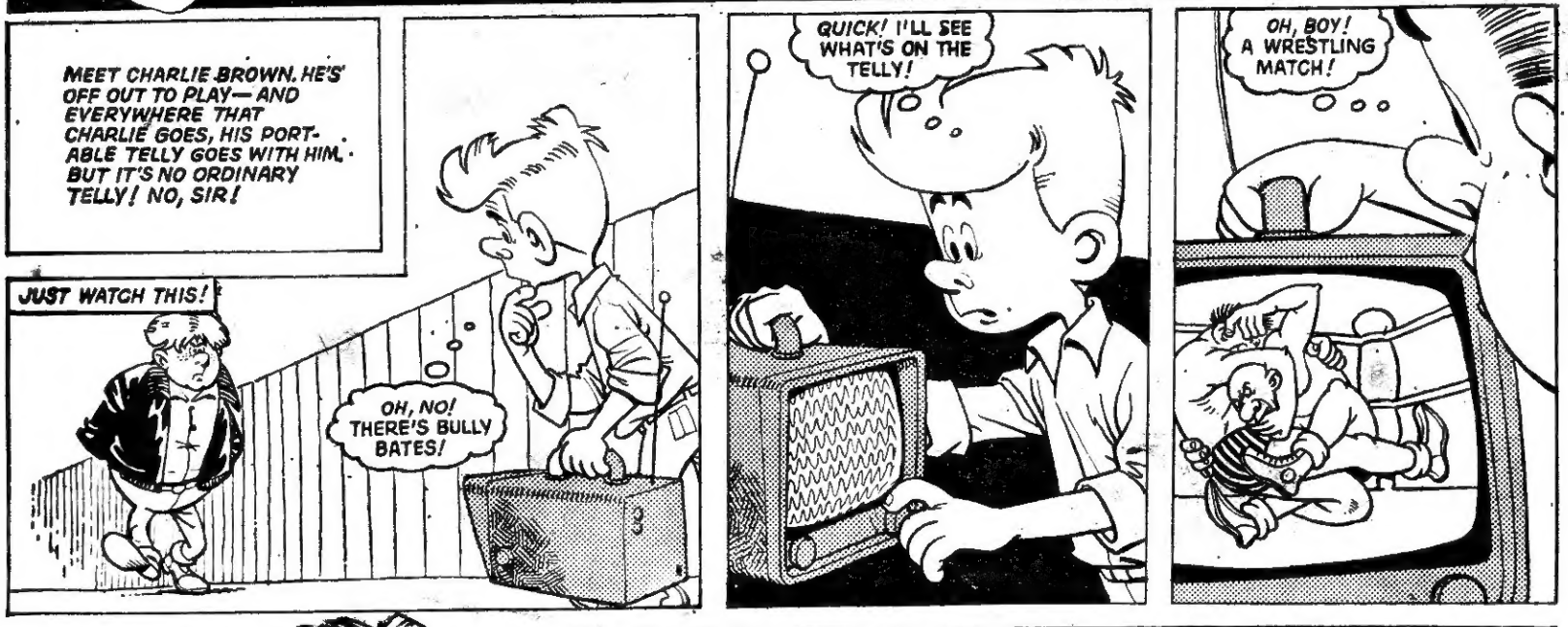

WHICH ARE THE BLOTS?
THEY ARE!
THEY ARE!

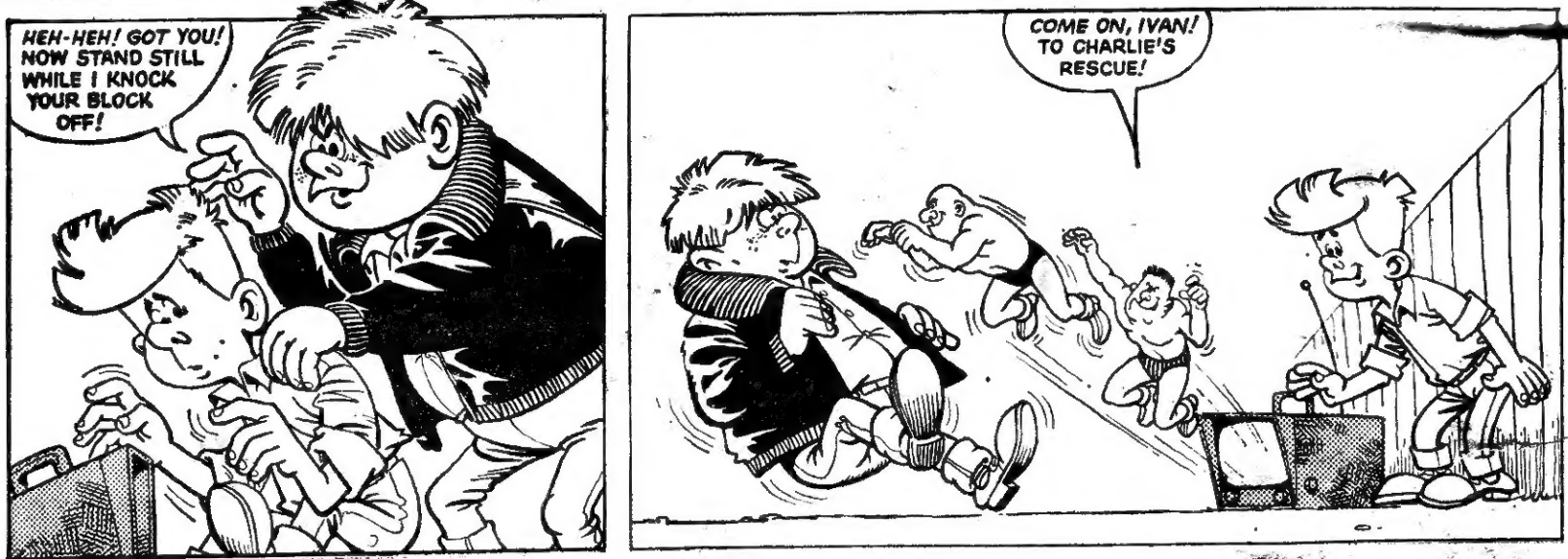
HOW DO I TELL THE DIFFERENCE? THEY ALL LOOK LIKE BLOTS!

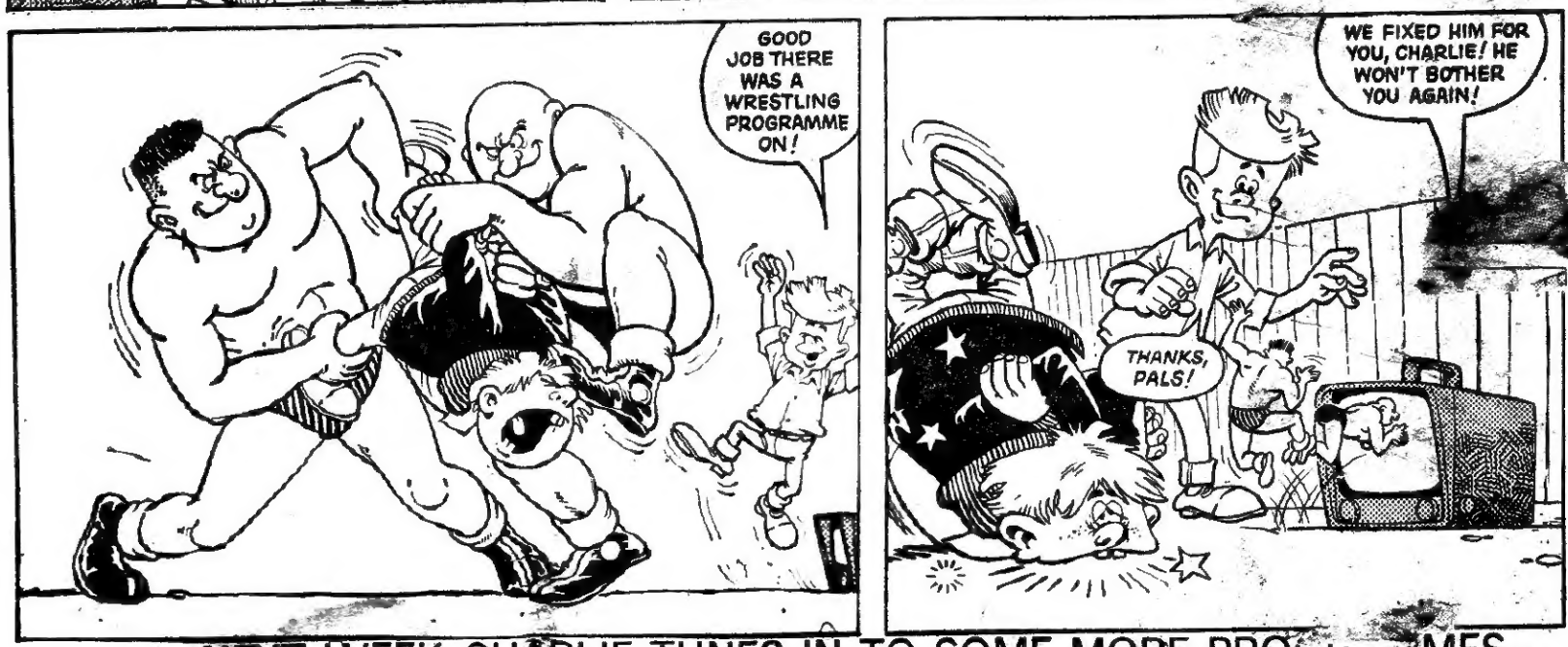
BIFF!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR PUNCH-UP WITHOUT INTERRUPTION!
PUT ME DOWN! I'M NOT MAD... AT LEAST NOT THE WAY YOU THINK! PUT ME DOWN...
BANG!
KICK!
I SUBMIT!

Charlie's Choice

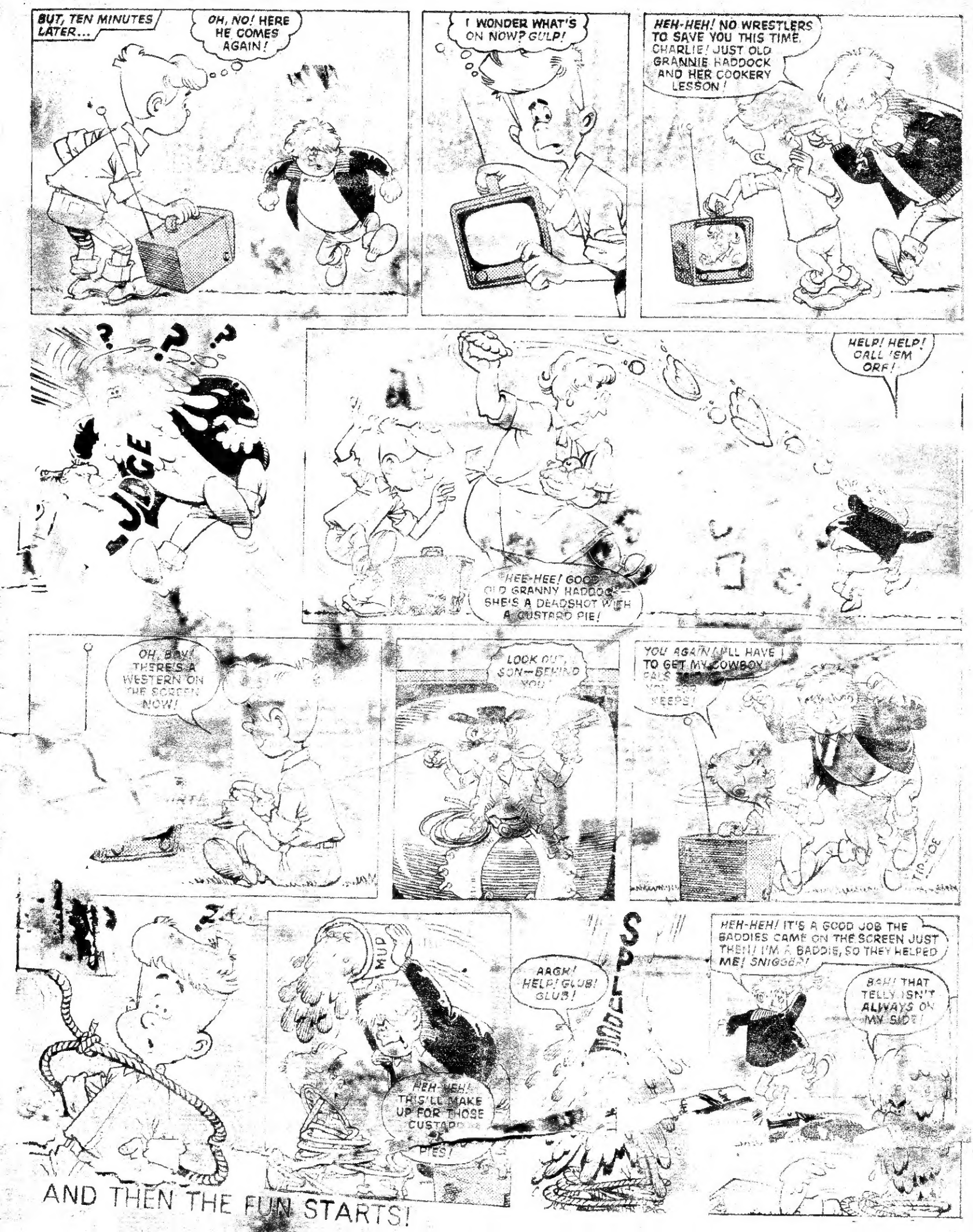
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

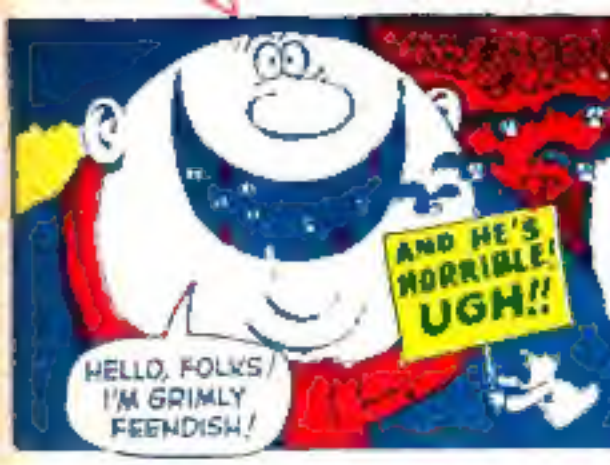
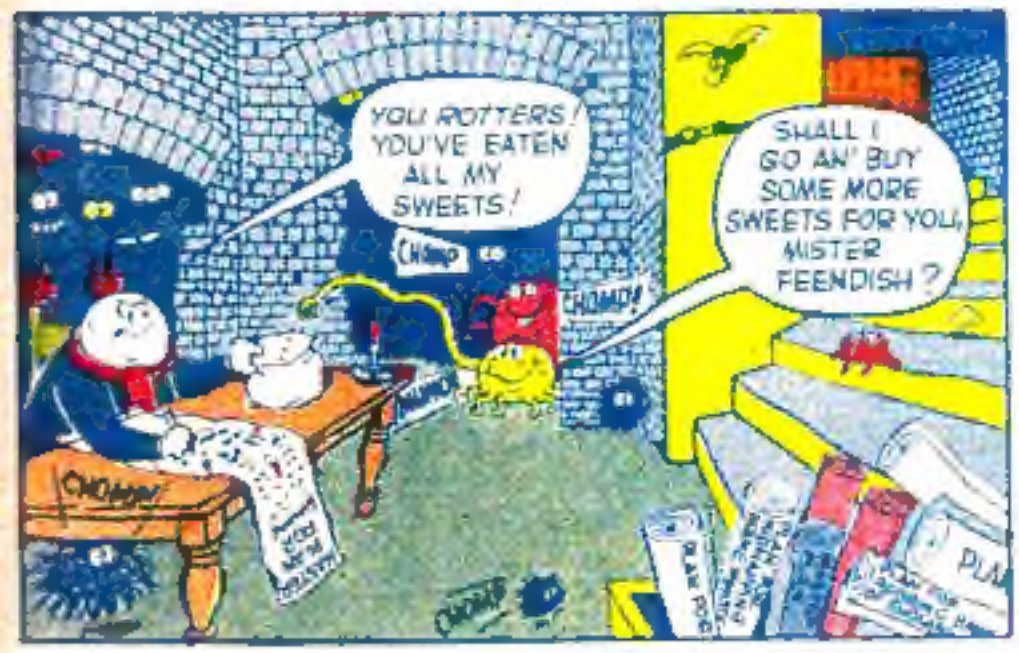
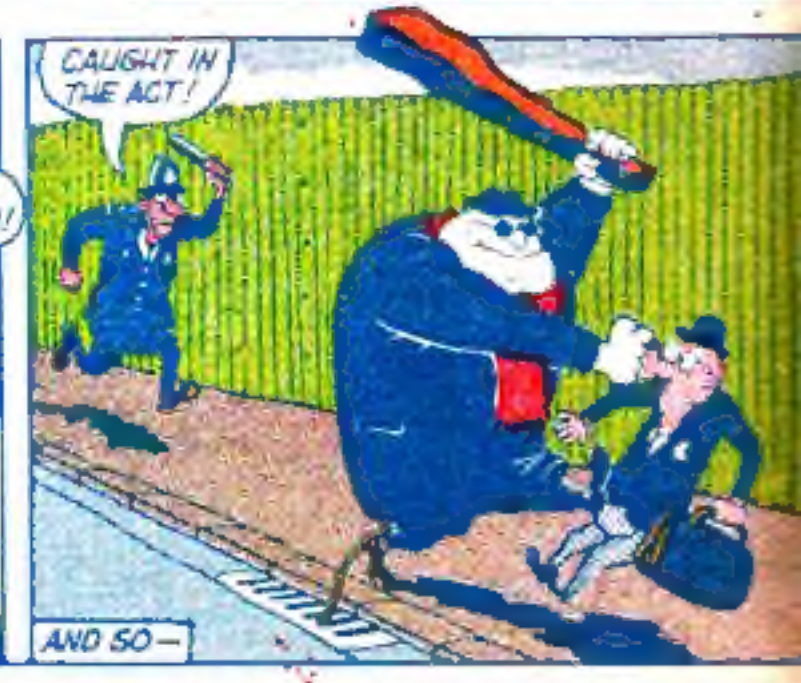
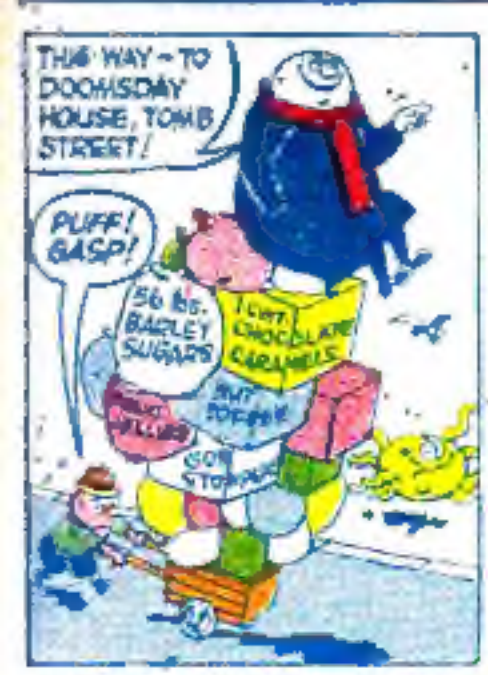
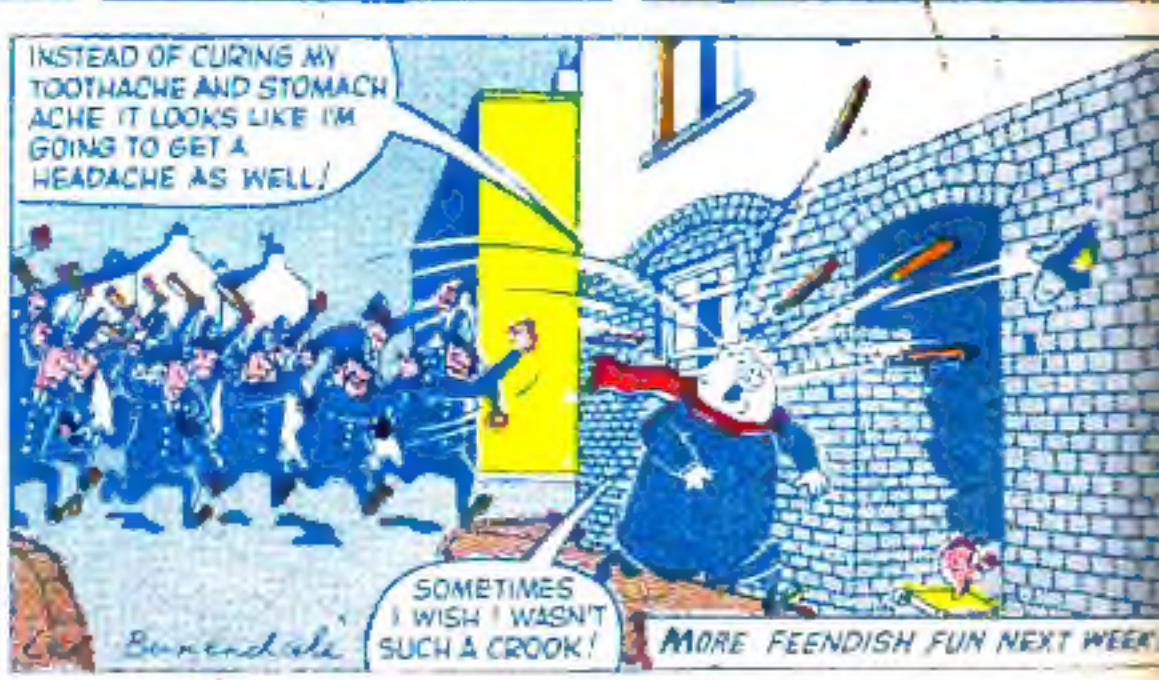






NEXT WEEK CHARLIE TUNES IN TO SOME MORE PROGRAMMES—


BUT, TEN MINUTES LATER...
OH, NO! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!
I WONDER WHAT'S ON NOW? GULP!
HEH-HEH! NO WRESTLERS TO SAVE YOU THIS TIME, CHARLIE! JUST OLD GRANNIE HADDOCK AND HER COOKERY LESSON!
HELP! HELP! CALL 'EM OFF!
HEE-HEE! GOOD OLD GRANNY HADDOCK — SHE'S A DEADSHOT WITH A CUSTARD PIE!
OH, BOY! THERE'S A WESTERN ON THE SCREEN NOW!
LOOK OUT, SON — BEHIND YOU!
YOU AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO GET MY COWBOY PALS
YEEPS!
MUD
AARGH! HELP! GLUB! GLUB!
SPLOOSH
HEH-HEH! THIS'LL MAKE UP FOR THOSE CUSTARD PIES!
HEH-HEH! IT'S A GOOD JOB THE BADDIES CAME ON THE SCREEN JUST THEN! I'M A BADDIE, SO THEY HELPED ME! SNIGGER!
BAH! THAT TELLY ISN'T ALWAYS ON MY SIDE!
AND THEN THE FUN STARTS!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!